was buried, and they must be rum

"Joan," answered a voice, and the hand

bone to set. Heart up, some! Thy mother shall kiss thee yet. What's thy name!

blood there's in thee, but little enow."

She bandaged the sore with linen torn from

my shirt, and tied it round with sack cloth

from her own dress. "Iwas all most gently

done; and then I found her arms under me,

It seemed but six stops and we were out on the bright hillside, not fifty puces from where

the plow yet stood in the furrow. I caught

a glimpse of a brown neck and a pair of firm

red lips, of the gray tor stretching above us, and, farther aloft, a flock of field fare hang-

Down the hill she carried me, picking the

softest turf, and moving with an enseful swing

that rather fulled my hurt than jolted it.

Twas a high protracted note, that se

at first to swell up towards us, and then broke off in half a dozen or more sharp yells. Joan took no heed of them, but, seeing my

eyes unclose, and bearing me moan, stopped

road, and the yells were still going on, londer than ever. We crossed the road, descended

another slope, and came all at once on a low

pile of buildings that a moment before had

been hid. "Twas but three hovels of mud.

stuck together in the shape of a headless

cross, the main arm pointing out towards the moor. Around the whole ran a battered wall

patched with furze, and from this dwelling

"Joan!" the voice began, "Joan-Jan Ter-

The voice died away into a wail: then

broke out in a racket of curses. Joan stepped

A rude kitchen-the furniture but two

grew used to the gloom inside, they saw this

oak table, with legs sunk into the earth, a keg of strong waters, tilted over and drain-

ing upon the mud floor, a ladder leading up

but the glowing peat turves were now pitched

about the floor, where they rested, filling the

black cat spat and bristled; while in the

middle of the room, burefooted in the en

bers, crouched a man. He was half naked,

scratches; and he pointed at the cat, opening

kitchen laid me on one of the bracken beds

With which she turned, dealt the old man

a cuff that stretched him sensoless, and, gath-

ering up the turves, piled them afresh on the

hearth. This done, sne took the keg and

but I thanked her. And then, when she had

shifted my bed a bit to ease the pain of lying,

she righted a chair, drew it up and sat beside

me. The old man lay like a log where he had

failen and was now snoring. Presently the fumes of the liquor or mere faintness mas-

tered me and my eyes closed. But the pict

ure they closed upon was that of Joan, as she

leaned forward, chin on hand, with the glow

of the fire on her brown skin and in the depths

CHAPTER XII.

HOW YOAR RAVED THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

dreams. I woke with a start, and tried to

But the rain of my hurt followed into my

ot stirred; but, looking towards the window

hole, I saw night outside, and a frosty star

"Sun's been down these four hours." She turned her face to look at the.

"Chose to come, lad; none axed thee, that

Tis for the General Hopton, at Bodmin

"And that's seven mile away; wi' a build

thy skull, and a peat quag thy burial. For

"Ay, Jack; an' work I had this day wi

those same bloody warriors; but take a sur

at the keg, and bite this manchet of out

her language; but the tale, in sum, was this

ing me dead. But the quote her; " 'no coorl.

folks to see, though he have a-got curls like a

wench; an' dead or 'live, no use to wait for

where that was, even with such bearings as I

no time to tend me, while Molly stood near

said I, 'm cuddim' a lad 'pes the billiaid

When I dropped forward into her arms

sparkling far down in the west,

"I've no business lying here."

her back, Joan, and let me ride on.

"The troopers!"

cake wittle I tell then

athers to make sure."

"Joan, what's the bour!"

of her dark eyes.

gave me a drink of it. The stuff scalded

ing out curse upon curse.
No way upset, Joan stepped acro

"That's fauther: he's drunk

bundles of bracken strewn for bedding.

the left, as one entered, was an open lie

to the door and flung it wide. As my

Joan's heart as she held me close and

touch of her breath on my forehead.

"Marvel, Joan-Jack Marvel,"

and myself lifted as easy as a baby,

out if 'tis hurtin' thee."

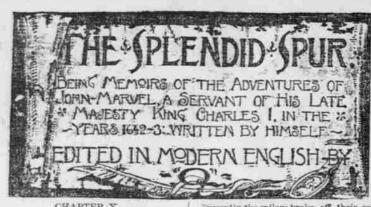
"Hurts thee, Ind?"

breast over my heart.
"Who is it!" I whispered

points of gold dotted around me.

"Joan-what besides?"

was withdrawn.



CHAPTER X.

CAPT. POTTERY AND CAPT. SETTLE, Now either I am mad or dreaming, thought I; for that the fellow had not heard our noise was starkly incredible. I steppe along the deck towards him; not an inch did he budge. I touched him on the shoulder, He faced round with a quick start.

"Sir," said I, quick and low, before he could get a word out—"Sir, we are in your hands. I will be plain. To-night I have broke out of Bristol Keep, and the colone's men are after me. Give me up to them, and they hang me to-morrow; give my comrade up, and they persecute her vilely. Now, sir, I know not which side you be, but there's our case in a

The man bent forward, displaying a huge rounded face, very kindly about the eyes, and set a-top of the oddest body in the world; for, under a trunk extraordinary broad and strong, straidled a pair of legs that a baby would have disowned, so thin and stunted were they, and (to make it queerer) ended in

feet the most prodigious you ever saw.

As I said, this man leaned forward, and shouted into my ear so that I fairly leaped in "My name's Pottery-Bill Pottery, cap's

o' the Godsend-an' you can't make me hear. not if you bust yoursel'?"

You may think this put me in a fine quan-

dary.
"I be as deaf as nails!" bawled he. Twas horrible; for the troopers, I thou if anywhere near, could not miss hearing him. His voice shook the very rigging, "An' o' my crew the half ashore gettin'

drunk, an' the half below in a very accomplished state o' liquor; so there's no chance He paused a moment, then roared again;

"What a pity! 'Cos you make me very curious-that you do!" Luckily at this moment Delia had the sense to put a finger to her lip. The man whoeled round without another word, led us aft over the blocks, cordage and all manner of loose that encumbered the deck to a ladder that towards the stern led down into durlness. Here he signed to us to follow, and, descending first, threw open a door, letting out a faint stream of light in our faces. 'Twas

the captain's cabin, lined with cupboards and ockers; and the light came from an oil lamp hanging over a narrow deal table. By the light Capt. Hilly scrutinized us for an instant; then, from one of his lockers, brought out pen, paper and ink, and set them on the table I caught up the pen, dipped it, and began

I am John Marvel, a servant of King Charles

Thus far I had written without glancing up, in fear to read the disappointment of my hopes. But now the pen was caught suddenly from my fingers, the paper torn in shreds, and there was Master Pottery shaking us both by the hand, nodding and becking, and smiling the while all over his big red face.

But he ceased at last, and opening another of his lockers, drew forth a horn lantern, a cabin, Della and Proflowing at his beels.

Just outside, at the foot of the steps, he stooped, pulled up a trap in the flooring and disclosed another ladder stretching, as it emed, down into the bowels of the ship. This we descended carefully, and found ourselves in the hold, pinching our ness twixt

mees, the one raw wool, the other several casks set on their ends, and to these | hind in a immedshake." the captain led us.

their heads with a few blows of his mallet. His plan for us was clear. And in a very

they climbed heavily back to deck. The rest that, even had the gloom allowed, we could

string of voices speaking one after another, tomier and londer. And next Master Pottery began to answer up and drowned all speech but his own. When he ceased, there was silence for some minutes; after which heard a party descend to the cabin, and the They remained there some while discussing; and then came footsteps down the secand ladder, and a twinkle of light reached me through the bunghole of my casic

"Quick!" said a husky voice; "toverhant I heard some half dozen troopers bustling

about the hold and tugging out the bales of "Hif" called Master Pottery; "an' when

you've done rummaging my ship put every-thing back as you found it." "Pake about with your swords," commanded the busky voice. "What's in those barrels

"Water, sergeant," answers a trooper, roll-

ing out a couple.
"Nothing behind them?" "No; they're right against the side."

Drop 'em, then. Plague on this by 'Tis my notion they're a mile away, and Cap'n Stubbs no better than a fool to send us back here. He's gradging promotion, that's what he is! Hurry, there-hurry! Ten minutes later the searchers were got

and we in our casks drawing long breaths of thankfulness and strong odors. And so we erouched till, about midnight, Capt, Billy brought us down a support of ship's bisent which we crept forth to eat, being sorely

He could not bear our thanks, but guessed

for Plymouth sound; thence for Brittany. Hist: We be all king's men aboard the Godsend, though hearing nought I say little. Yet have my reasoning beredes, holding the Lord's Anninted to be an anointed room nevertheless to be served; just as aboard the Godsend I be Cap'n Billy an' you plain Jack, be your virtues what they may. An the con Though, to be sure, the words be a bit lustfor a young geotlewoman's ears."

We went back to our casks with lighter Howbeit 'twas near 5 in the morn ing. I dare say, before my narrow bed chain per allowed me to drop asleep.

I woke to spy through my bunghole the faint light of day struggling down the batches. Above, I heard a clanking noise, mal chant. They were lifting anchor. sleeping, and together we ate the breakfast that lay ready set for us on the head of a

Presently the sallors broke off their so and we heard their feet shuffling to and fro "Sure," cried Della, "we are moving

And surely we were, as could be told by the altered sound of the water beneath us, and he many creakings that the Godsend began to keep. Once more I tasted freedom again and the joy of living, and could have sung for the mirth that lifted my heart, "Let us but gain open sea," said I, "and I'll have tit or tat with these robels!" But alas! before we had left Avon m

twenty minutes 'twas another tale. For I lay on my side in that dark hold and longed to ie, and Delia sat up beside me, her hands in er lap and her great eyes fixed most dole-And when Capt, Billy came down with the news that we were safe and free to on deck we turned our faces from him and aid we thanked him kindly, but had no nger any wish that way-too wretched, even, to remember his deafness.

Let me avoid, then, some miserable hours, nd come to the evening, when, faint with fasting and nausea, we struggled up to the leck for air, and looked about us.

Twas gray-gray everywhere; the sky ead colored, with deeper shades, towards the t, where a bank of cloud blotted the coast line: the thick rain descending straight, with bardly wind enough to set the sails flapping; the sea spread like a plate of lead, save only where, to leeward, a streak of curded white crawled away from under the Godsend's keel, On deck, a few sailors moved about, red eyed and heavy. They showed no surprise to see us, but nodded very friendly, with a smile for our strange complexions. Here again, as ever, did adversity mock her own image.

But what more took our attention was to see a row of men stretched on the starboard side. like corpses, their heads in the scuppers, their legs pointed inboard, and very orderly arranged. They were a dozen and two in all, and over them bent Capt, Billy with a In his hand and a bucket by his side; who beckened that we should approach.
"Arrayed in order o' merit." said he, point-

ing with his mop like a showman to the line of flirmres before bim.

"This here is Matt. Sonmes, master o' this vessel-un' he's dead," "Dead? Dend drunk, that is, O the gifted man!

Come up! He thrust the mon in the fellow's "There now! Did he move! did he wink! 'No,' says you. O an accomplished contact!

He paused a moment, then stirred up No who opened one eye lazily, and shut it ignin in slumber.
"You saw? Opened one eye, hey? That's Benjamin Halliday. The next is a black man, as you see; a man of discoal color, and

hath other drawbacks natural to such. Can the Ethiopshift his skin! No, but he'll open both eyes. See there-a perfect Christian, in so for as drink can make him." With like comments he ran down the line.

To be brief, 'twas not till the fourth after noon by reason of bafiling head winds that we stepped out of the Godsend's boat upon a mallet and a chisel. Not a word was spoken as he lit the lantern and passed out of the rift in the black cliffs, wound up the road of was to lead as inland. The Godsond as we turned to wave our hands, lay at half a mile's distance, and made a pretty sight; for the day, that had begun with a white frost, was now turned sunny and still, so that look pink and lilae and hyacinth, and upon it the ship lit up, her musts and sails glowing like a For indeed the smell here was scarching to gold piece. And there was Billy, leaning after we was painful degree, for the room was nar-over the bulwarks and waving his trumpet down hill. row and every inch of it contested by two for "Good-by," Thought I, for I little A rough tor had risen full in front, but the dreamed to see these good fellows again, roadswerved to the left and took us bilge water. With wool the place was piled, "what a witless game is this life! to seek among the spurs of it. Now was my last old, and bent, with but also I noticed, not far from the ladder, ever in fresh conjunctions what we leave be-

We followed the road after this very moodwere about a dozen in all, stacked lily; for Delia, whom I had made a sharer of close together; and Master Pottery, rolling the robels' servet agreed that no time was to be lost in reaching Bodmin, that lay a good another trap and tugged out the bungs. A | thirty miles to the southwest. Night fell and splashed down the tran into the bilge below. our backs that kept us still walking without given me at parting a small compass, of new invention, that a man could carry en few minutes. Delia and I were cronching on | his pocket; and this from time to time I examined in the mornlight, guiding our way us, our noses at the bungholes and our ears | almost due south, in hopes of striking into the main road westward. I doubt not we lost a deal of time among the byways; but at length happened on a good road bearing south, and followed it till daybreak, when, to our satis-Soon I heard the noise of feet above, and a a stout castle, and under it a town of impor-

tance, that we guessed to be Launceston, By this my comrade and I were on the consider if we should enter the town or avoid some tavern on the way. Because we knew not with certainty the temper of the coun try, it seemed best to choose this second course: so we fetched around by certain barren meadows, and thought ourselves lucky to hit on a road that, by the size, must b the one we sought, and a tavern with a wide yard before it and a carter's van standing at the entrance, not three gunshots from the

"Now Providence bath surely led us to breakfast," said Delia, and stepped before me into the yard, towards the door. I was following her when, inside of a gate to the right of the house, I caught the gloam

of steel, and turned aside to look. To my dismay there stood near a score of chargers in this second court, saddled and

dripping with sweat. My first thought was in after Della; but a quick surprise made me Jub my eyes with wonder, Twas the sight of a sorrel mare amo

them-n mare with one high white stocking. In a thousand I could have told her for Molly Three seconds after I was at the tavern door, and in my ears a voice sounding that stopped me short and told me in one instant

that without God's belp all was lost, Twas the voice of Capt. Settle speaking in the tap room, and already Delia stood, past

concoalment, by the open door, "- And therefore, muster carter, it grieves me to disappoint thee, but no man goeth this day towards Bodmin. Such be my Lord of Stamford's orders, whose servant I am, and them. As they displease you, his lordship is bim and complain. Doubtless he will hear-

I beand his shout as he caught sight of Delia I saw his crimson face as he darted out and graped her. I saw, or half saw, the troopers besitated. Then came my pretty comrade's

"Jack-they have horses outside! Leave In a flash my decision was taken for better vanited the gate and, catching at Molly's

A down troopers were at the gate and two

I set my beth and put Molly at the low two pistols rang out together, and a burning In a moment the mare alighted safe on the other side, flinging me forward on her nock. Put I scrambled back, and with a shout that frightened my own ears dug my heels into frightened my own ears dug my heels into her flanks.

Half a minute more and I was on the hard road, gulloping westward for dear life. So also were a score of rebel troopers. Twenty miles and more lay before me, and a bare hundred yards was all my start.

CHAPTER XL I RIDE DOWN INTO TEMPLE.

And now I did indeed abandon myself to despair. Few would have given a groat for my life, with that crew at my heels; and I east of all, now that my dear comrade was lost. The wound in my shoulder was bleedng sore-I could feel the warm stream well ing-yet not so sore as my heart. And I ed my knees into the saddle flap and wondered what the end would be.

The sorrel mare was galloping, free and strong, her delicate ears laid back, and the network of veins under her soft skin working with the heave and fall of her withers; yet by the mud and sweat about her—I knew she must have traveled far before I mounted. I heard a shot or two fired, far up the road; though their bullets must have fallen short; at least, I heard none whiz past. But the rebels' shouting was clear enough and the

thud of their gullop belified.

I think that, for a mile or two, I must have ridden in a sort of swoon. 'Tis certain, not an inch of the road comes back to me; nor did I once turn my head to look back, but sat with my eyes fastened stupidly on the mare's neck. And by and by, as we galloped, the smart of my wound, the heartache, hurry, pounding of hoofs, all dropped to an ea-chanting lull. I rode, and that was all,

For, swoon or no, I was lifted off earth, as med, and on easy wings to an incredible height, where were no longer hedges, nor road, nor country round; but a great stillness, and only the mare and I running languidly through it,

Now, at first, I thought 'twas some one speaking this in my ear, and turned my head. But 'twas really the last word I had heard from Delia, now after half an hour repeated in my brain. And as I grew aware of this the duliness fell off me, and all became very distinct. And the muscles about my wound had stiffened-which was vilely painful; and the country, I saw, was a brown, barren moor, dotted with peat ricks; and I cursed it.

This did me good; for it woke the fighting in in me, and I set my teeth. Now for the first time looking back, I saw, with a great gulp of joy, I had gained on the troopers. A long dip of the road lay between me and the foremost, now topping the crest. The sun had broke through at last, and sparkled on his cap and gorget. I whistled to Molly (I could not pat her) and spoke to her softly; the sweet thing pricked up her ears, laid them back ngain, and mended her pace. Her stride was beautiful to feel. She was going her best, but the best was

The sweat was oozing, her satin coat losing the gloss, the spume flying back from her nostrils. "Soh!" I called to her-"soh! my beauty; we ride to save an army." se stones flew right and left, as she reached out her neck, and her breath cause shorter and shorter.

A mile, and another mile, we passed in

this trim, and by the end of it must have spent three-quarters of an hour at the work, neing back, I saw the troopers scattered; far behind, but following. The heights were still a wenry way ahead; but I could mark their steep sides ribbed with bowlders. Till these were passed, there was no chance to hide. The parties in this race could see each other all the way, and must ride it on And all the way the ground kept rising.

I had no means to ease the mare, even by pulling off my heavy jackboots, with or arm (and that my right) daugling Once she flung up her head and I caught sight of her nostril, red as fire, and her poor eyes starting. I felt her strength ebbing beween my knees. Here and there she blun dered in her stride. And somewhere, over the ridge yender, lay the Army of the West, and we alone could save it. But sweet, gallant Molly must have held

on, for the next thing I woke up to was a four holed cross beside the road, and soon after we were over the ridge and clattering

lookout. I tried to sway less heavily in the beard hanging almost to his waist. His chest saddle, and with my eyes searched the plain and legs were bleeding from a score of Alas! Beneath us the waste land was and shutting his mouth like a dog, and bark spread, mile upon mile; and I groaned aloud,

For just below I noted a clump of roofless cabins, and beyond, upon the moors, the dotted walls of sheep cotes, ruined also, but and explained: in all the sad colored leagues no living man, nor the sign of one. It was done with us. I remed up the mare—and then, in the same motion, wheeled her sharp to the right, High above, on the hiliside, a voice was

the tor a patch of land had been cleared for tillage; and here a yoke of oxen was moving isurely before a plaw (Twas their tinkling bells I had heard, just now); while behind followed by the wildest sampe-by the voice,

She was not calling to me, but to her team; and as I put Molly at the slope, her chant rose and fell in the mournfulest sing-song. "So-hoa! Cop Comely Venn! cop, then-

I rose in my stirrups and shouted At this and the sound of hoofs, she stayed

the glow and, hand on hip, looked down the The oxen, softly rattling the chains on their yoke, turned their necks and gazed. With sunk head Molly heaved herself up the last few yards and came to a halt with a I slipped out of the saddle and stood, with a hand on it, swaying.

"What's thy need, young man-that comest down to Temple wi' sword a danglin'?" girl was a half naked savage, dres only in a strip of sacking that barely reached knees and a scant bodice of the same laced in front with pack thread that left her bosom and brown arms free. Yet she appeared no whit abashed, but leaned on the slow tail and regarded me easy and frank, se

a man would, "Sell me a horse!" I blurted out. "Twenty guineas will I give for one within five minutes, and more if he bagood! I ride on the king's errand.

Then get thee back to thy master an' say I am bound, Joan; and wound or no, must no horse shall be have o me—nor any man that uses horseflesh so." She pointed to Molly's knees, that were bowed and shaking and bloody froth dripping from her mo-"Girl, for God's sake sell me a horse! They are after me and I am hurt," I pointed up

the road. "Better than I are concerned in "God nor king know I, young man, But what's on thy saddle cloth there!

'Twas the smear where my blood had soaked and, looking and seeing the purple mess caked straight, she sat on the floor beside me (for with mind and foam on the screet's flank, I the better hearing), and in her uncount tongue with mud and foam on the servel's flank, I felt suddenly very sick. The girl made a step told how I had been saved. I cannot writ

"Sell thee a horse! Hire thee a bedman, more like. Nay, then, lad --But I saw her no longer; only called "obmy hold of the saddle, dropped forward on Waking, I found myself in darkness-not

like that of night, but of a room where the So she lifted and carried me to a spot hard lights have gone out, and felt that I was by that she called the "Jew's Kitchen," and But this hardly seemed a thing to be minded. There was a smell of reat and had she defied me to discover. There was of feet somewhere overhead, and a duli sound of voices that appeared to be cursing. The footsteps went to and fro, the voices

to show my whereabouts; so she let me lie and went to lead the sorrel down to stable. Her hand was on the bridle when she hear attering most of the time. After a bit 1 a whoopl up the road, and there were half caught a word-"Witchersit;" and then a dome riders on the crest and tearing down voice speaking quite close. There's blood hill towards her. Joan had nothing left but 'pon her hands, an' there's blood youder by to feigh covinses, and went on leading the nain secured to tear open my left shoulder | squeaky, "There's agent behind a fox but | In a while up comes the foremost trooper

draws rein, and pants out, "Where's he to?" "Who!" asks Joan, making out to be au-

"Why, the lad whose mare thou'rt leadin' "Mile an' half away by now."

er my grave; but indeed I had no wish to "How's that?" inquire into it; no wish to move even, but just to lie and enjoy the lightness of my limbs. "Freshly horsed," explains Joan. The troopers-they were all around her by this-swore 'twee a lie, but luckily, being down in the hollow, could not see over the The blood was still running. I felt the warmth of it against my back, and thought it very pleasant. So I shut my eyes and dropped off next ridge. They began a string of questions all together, but at last a little tun bellied seragain.
Then I heard the noise of shouting far away. geant called "Silence!" and asked the girl, "did she loan the fellow a horse!" and a long while after that was roused by th touch of a hand, thrust in against my naked

Here I will quote her again:
"'Sir, to thee,' I answered, 'no loan at all, but fair swap for our Gray Robin. 'That's a lie,' he says; 'an' I won't believe

The darkness had lifted somewhat, and though something stood between me and the stable an' see for thysel.' (Never and gray light, I marked a number of small specks, like horse to my name, Jack; but, thinks I, that's

They went, did these simple troopers, to "Joan's enough, I reckon; lucky for thes the stable, and, sure enough, there 'tis none else. Joan o' the Tor folks call me, but may yet be Joan i' Good Time. So hold was no Gray Robin. Nevertheless, some amongst them had logic enough to take this ny peace, lad, an'ery outso little as may be."

I felt a ripping of my jacket alseve and as something less than proof convincing, and spent three hours and more ransacking the shirt, now clotted and stuck to the flesh. It pained cruelly, but I shut my teeth; and house and barn, and searching the tor and the moors below it. I learned, too, that Joan after that came the smart and delicious ache of water, as she rinsed the wound. had come in for some rough talk-to which the put a stop, as she told me, by offering to "Clean through the flesh, lad-in an' out, fight any man Jack of them for the button like country dancin'. No bullet to probe nor on his buff coat. And at length, about sundown, they gave up the hunt, and rode away ver the moors toward Warleggan, having (as the girl heard them say) to be at Brad "An' marvel 'tis thou'rt Marvel yet. Good dock before night.

"Where is this Braddock?" "Nigh to Lord Mohun's house at Boconnoc;

seven mile away to the south, and seven mile or so from Bodmin, as a crow flies." "Then go I must," cried I; and hereupon broke out with all the trouble that was on "Left arm round my neck, Jack; an' sing my mind, and the instant need to save the gallant gentlemen of Cornwall, ere two irmies should combine against them. of the king's letter in my breast and how I found the Lord Stumford's men at Launce-ston; how that Ruthen with the vanguard of the rebels, was now at Liskeard, with but a re day's march between the two, and none ing in the pale sky; and then shut my eyes for the dazzle, but could still feel the bent of but I to carry the warning. And, "Oh, Joan." I cried, "my comrade I left upon the road Brighter courage and fruer heart never me red, and yet left by me in the rebels hands. Alast that I could neither save no help, but must still ride on; and here is the issue-to lie struck down within ten mile of was dozing, even, when a strange noise awake goal-I, that have traveled two hundres And if the Cornishmen be not warned to give fight before Lord Stamford comes up, all' lost. Even now they be outnumbered. So Ho Joan, and set me astride Molly, and I'll

win to Bodmin vet. "Reckon, Jack, thou'd best hand me thy Now, I did not at once eatch the intent of

"No." "Twas not my pain, but the sight of these words, so simply spoken; but stared at the sinking sun that wrung the exclamation from me—"I was thinking," I muttered, "Don't; 'tis bad for health. But bide thes "There's herse in stall, lad," she went on, still awhile, and shalt lie 'pen a soft bed,"

By this time we had come down to the

though no Gray Robin. Tearaway's the name and strawierry the color,"
"But, Joan, Joan, if you do this—feel in side my coat here, to the left-you will save an army, girl; may be a throne! Here 'tis,

no, not that bere! Say the seal athat of the governor of Bristol, who stole it from me for a while; but the handwriting will be known for the king's, and no hand but yours must touch it before you stand be you, Joan, and God will bless you for't." Hope so, I'm sure. But larn me what to say, lad, for I be main thick witted."

gagle's a-clawin' my legs-Gar-rout, thou hell cat-Biast thee, let me zog! Pull'n off, So I told her the message over and over, till she had it by heart. Sha'n't forgit now," she said at length:

"an' so hearken to me for a change. Bide still, nor fret thysel". Here's pasty an' out cake, an' a keg o' water that I'll stow beside toget drunk an' fight wi' Jan Tergagle-that's the cat-why, let'n. Drunk or sober, he's no She hid the letter in her become and stepped to the door. On the threshold she turned "Jack, forgot to ax; what be all this bloodshed about?

"For church and king, Joan," "H'm; same knowledge ha' I o' both—an that's nought. But I dearly loves fair play." She was gone. In a minute or so I heard scurry of hoofs. Joan was off on the king's errand, and riding into the darkness. Little rest had I that night, but lay awak

peat turves turn to gray, and drop, flake by The door rattled now and then on the hinge; persistent as town dogs at midnight; and all while my wound was stabbing, and the bracken pricking me till I grouned aloud. himself up, yawned and lounged out, return-

hearth. He noticed me no more than a stone, out, when the fire was re-stacked, drew up his chair to the warmth and breakfasted on oat cake and a liberal deal of liquor. Observing him, the black cat uncoiled, stretched there purring and the best of friends. I also took a bite or two and a pull at the keg and

When I woke twas high noon. The door stood open, and outside on the wall the winter aupshine was lying very bright and clear. Indoors, the old savage had been drinking steadily, and still sat before the fire with the cat on one knee and his keg on the other. at up and strained my ears. Surely if Jour had not failed the royal generals would march out and give battle at once; and surely, if they were fighting, not ten miles away, some sound of it would reach me. But beyond the purring of the cat I beard nothing.

I crawled to my feet, rested a moment to stay the giddiness, and tottered across to the savage was still stretched on the floor; the cat curied upon the hearth. The girl had door, where I leaned, listening and gazing south. No strip of vapor lay on the moors that stratched-all bathed in the most won derful bright colors-to the lip of the horizon. The air was like a sounding board. I heard the bleat of an old wether a mile off upon the tors, and was turning away dejected, when, far down in the south, there ran a sound that et my heart leaping.

Twas the cracking of musketry. "Where's the mare! Must set me across There was no mistaking it. The noise ran like wildfire along the bills; before the echo "Mare's in stable, wi' fetlocks swelled like uld overtake it a low rumbling followed, and then the brisker crackling again.

the sudden joy: "Thou angel, Joan!—thou angel?" And then, at something took me by the

A long time I leaned by the door post there,

they went south, and thy road lieth more at muicker intervals. Yet, for as far as I dreary—quiet sunshme on the bills, and the shouting after us to bring home some account freary—quiet street and there, cropping. But of the wresting. Looking back at a quarter lown yonder, over the edge of the moors, mile's distance, I may him still framed in the down youder, over the edge of the moore, mile's distance. I now him will framed in the men were fighting and murdering such doorway with the cut perchadon his shoulder. And so, having fed me, and set my bed other, and I vesmed to see how the day went.

was the true battle.

lives of the bouten army,

or the blood and be carried a market

"Water!" he barked out as he came trailing into the yard. "Give me water-I'm a dead

He was stepping over me to enter the kitchen, when he halted and said: "Art a malignant, for certain!"

And before I had a chance to reply his mus-het was swung up, and I feit my time was thour Killigrow), and the pig fa come to die.

But now the old savage, that had been sit-

ting all day before his fire, without so much as a sign to show if he noticed aught that was pussing, jumped up with a veil und leaped to-wards us. He and the cat were on the poor wretch together, tearing and clawing. I can bear their hellish outcries to this day; but at the moment they turned me faint. And the next thing I recall is being dragged inside by the old man, who shut the door after me and slipped the bolt, leaving the wounded trooper on the other side. He beat against it for so time, sobbing piteously for water, and then I heard him groan at intervals till he died. At least, the groans ceased, and the next day be was found with his buck against the cottage wall, stark and dead.

Having pulled me inside, Joan's father must have thought be had done enough, for on the floor I lay for hours and passed from one to another. He and the cat had gone back to the fire again, and long before evening both

So there I lay helpless, till, at nightfall, there came the trampling of a horse outside, and then a rap on the door. The old man started up and opened it; and in rushed Joan, her eyes lit up, her breast beaving, and in her hand a naked sword.

"Church and King, Jack!" she cried, and flung the blade with a clang on to the table, "Church and Kingt O brave day's work, ind-O bloody work this day?" And I swooned again.

CHAPTER XIII.

I MEET WITH MR. HANNIBAL TINGCOMB. There had, indeed, been brave work on Braddock Down that 10th of January. For Sir Ralph Hopton with the Cornish grandees and made short business of Ruthen's armydriving it headlong back on Liskeard at the charge, chasing it through that town, and taking 1.300 prisoners uncluding Sir. Shilston Calmady), together with many colors, all the rebel ordinance and ammunition, and most of their arms.

At Liskoard, after refreshing their men. and holding next day a solemn thanksgiving to God, they divided—the Lord Mohum with Sir Ralph Hopton and Col. Godolphia march ing with the greater part of the army upon Saltash, whither Ruthen had field and was intremehing himself; while Sir John Berkeey and Col. Ashburnham, with a small arty of horse and dragoons and the volunry regiments of Sir Bevill Greaville, Sir Sich, Slanning, and Col. Trevanion, turned the northeast, toward Launceston and Pavistock, to see what account they might ender of the Earl of Stainford's army; that, owever, had no stomach to await them, but sted out of the county into Plymouth and

Twas on this expedition that two or three of the captains I have mentioned halted for in hour or more at Temple, as well to recognize Joan's extreme meritorlous service, as to thank me for the part I had in bringing news of the Earl of Stamford's advance. For 'two this, they owned, had saved them—the king's message being but an exhortation and an advertisement upon some lesser matters, the most of which were already taken out of nan hands by the turn of events.

But though, as I learned, these gentlemen were full of compliments and professions of esteem, I neither saw nor heard them, being by this time delirious of a high fever that followed my wound. And not till three good weeks after was I recovered enough to eave my bed, nor, for many more, did my full strength return to me. No mother could have made a tenderer nurse than was Joan thronount this time. "The to her I owe itthat I am alive to write these words; and if the tears scald my eyes as I do so, you will ardon them, I promise, before the end of

av tale is reached. In the first days of my recovery, news camto us (I forget how) that a solemn sacrament had been taken between the parties in Devon and Comwall, and the country was at peace -now spring was come-to lotter about the tors, and, while watching John at her work, to think upon Delia. For albeit I had little hope to see her again, my late pretty comrade held my thoughts the day long, shared them with nobody; for though 'tis probable I had let some words fall in my elirium, Joan never hinted at this, and I

never found out. To Joan's company I was left; for her father, after saving my life that afternoon, took ne further notice of me by word or deed: and the cat, Jan Tergagie manuel after a spirit that was said to baunt the moors, hereabouts, was as indifferent. So with Joan I waiting on her as she plowed, or lying full war and battles. Twas the one tonic on which she was curious scoffing at me when I offered to teach her to read printly, and for hours she would listen to stories of Alexander and Ha nibal. Casar and Joan of Arc, and other great

commanders whose history I remembered One evening-twasearly in May-we had climbed to the top of the gray for above Temple, whence we could spy the white sails mean the short forf there, I was telling my usual tale. Joan lay beside me, her chin propped on one earth stained hand, her great min eyes wide open as she listened. that moment I had regarded her rather as a man comrade than a girl, but now some feminine trick of gesture awoke me, perhaps, for

and I broke off my story and signed. Art longing to be hence?' she asked. I felt ashamed to be thus caught and was silent. She looked at me and went on:

"Speak out, lad." Loath would I be to leave you, Joan."

"And why?" "Why, we are good friends, I hope, and I am grateful." 'Oh, ay-wish thee'd learn to speak the

trath, Jack. Art longing to be bence and "Why, Joan, you would not have me dwell

She made no answer for a while and then with a change of tone:
"Shalt ride wi' me to Bodmin fair to-morow for a treat, an' - the great Turk and fat 'coman and horrs-pocus. So tell memore 'bout Joan, the Frenchwignan."

On the morrow, about 9 in the morning, we set off-Joan on the grawbergs, balanced easily on an old suck, which was all her saddle and I on Molly, that now was sound again and chaffing to be so tille. As we see out Joan's father for the first time took some notice of ald see, 'twee the pencefulest scene, though | pie, standing at the door to see us off and

Bodmin town is nought but a narrow str Being both weak and leath to miss a sound near on a mile long, and widening towards the of it, I can't down on the threshold, and there western end. It lies mainly along the south lay with my eyes formed southward through sais of a steep vale, and this May morning, as a gap in the stone fears. In a while the mini-letry died awar and I wondered, but thought it from northward, already we could hear I could still at times mark a low sound as of trumpets blowing, the big drum sounding, men shouting, and this, as I learned after, and all the hawling voices and nobbots of the It must have been an hour or more before I lined with booths and shows and nigh blocked saw a number of black specks coming over with the crowd, for the revel began early and the ridge of bills and awarming down into was now in full swing. And the crow of the plain towards me, and then a denor tody gipties, whifflers, mount-hanks, fortone toly following. Twas a company of horse more ing at a great pace and I guessed that the housed country faces, best even its rabble I hattle was done and these were the first fugi-

Twas maybe, at loan after that a much taken for the cicties I were when I rode came in through the gap: a lean, mark eved into Temple, four months have, had been so used with a purched face and two unity gasters andly messed with blood, and after wards cut. roots of his hair; the other in his leg paint; the tonic I wore was of and glots, contrived the knee, that had should through boot and and stitched together by Joan. By I mad flesh like a crythe cut. His face was smooted at more for a decent shop, where luckly

said off a very promising young gentleman that had the misfortune to be killed on Braddock Down. Arrayed in this, I felt myself again, and offered to take Joan to see the fat

We saw her, and the Ethiop, and the rhioceros (which put me in mind of poor Anand the cudgel play, and presently halted before a Cheap Jack that was crying his wares

in a prodigious loud voice near the town wall. 'Twas a meager, sharp visaged fellow with fortune would have its, spying our approach he picked out a mirror from his stock, and, holding it aloft, addressed us strulget;

"What have we here," crim lie, o' lovers coming? and what i' my hand but a lover's hour glass? Sure the stars of heav'n must have a hand in this conjuncture-and only thirtoen pence, my pretty fellow, for a glass that will tell the weather i'your sweetheart's face, and help make it fine

There were many country fellows with their maids in the crowd, that turned their heads at this address; and as usual the women

'Tis Joan o' the Tor!" "Joan's picked up wi' a sweetheart-tec-co!-an' us reckoned her'd forsworn mankind!

"Some furriner, sure, that likes garlick." "He's bought her no ribbons yet.

"How should be, poor lad, that can find no arments upon her to fasten 'em to?" And so on, with a deal of spiteful laughter me of these sayings were half truths, no doubt; but the truthfulest word may be in So, noting a dark flush on Joan's sheel: I thought to end the scope by taking

the Casap Jack's mirror on the spot, to stop his tongue, and then drawing her away.

But in this I was a moment too late, for just as I reached up my hand with the thir en peace, and the grinning follow on the dations bent forward with his mirror. two boads go crack! together like eggs by the hair and served so; and, drooming Jack's beard, as you might a bell rope, and wrenched him head foremest off his my thirteen pence flying far and wide. Plump he fell into the crowd, that scattered in all hands as Joan pummeled shim; and

whick! whach! fell the blows on the poor diot's face, who screamed for mercy, as though Judgment Day were come. No one, for the minute, darid to stop be tween thou; and presently Joan, looking up, with arm raised for another buffet, spied a poor authologer close by, in a red analyeliow gown, that had been reading fortunes in a ub of binck water beside him, but was now broken off, dismayed at the hubbats. To this tob she drugged the Cheep Jack and emission into it with a round course. The black water splashed right and left over the cruwd. Then, her wrath sated, Joan faced the rest; with hands on hips, and wafted for them to

Not a word had she spoken, from that to hast: but stood now with hot cheeks authoreon eaving. Then, finding none to takeup her allenge, she strode out through the folk. and I after her, with the mirror in myshand while the Cheap Jack picked himself out of his long white board and soiled robe Outside the throng was a carriage stopped

for a minute by this tumult, and a servant at the horses' brads. By the look of At the couch of some person of quality; and, with a grave, venerable face, seated. For the moment it flashed on me I had seen him before somewhere, and endgeled my wife to think where it had been. But a second and longer gars assured me I was mistaken, and I went on down the street after Joan. She was walking fast and angrymer, when

I caught her up and tried to seethe, would be answer me but in the shortest-words. Woman's justice, as I ead just learned, has this small defect—it goes straight enough, but mutaly for the wrong object. Which low I proved in my own case. "Where are you going, Joan?"
"To 'Fifteen Balls' stable, for my horse."

"Art not leaving the fair yet, mirely?" That I be, though, Have had fairing Nor for the great part of the way home would she speak to me. But meeting by Found Scawing a hamlet close to the road, with some friends going to the fair, she nopped for a while to chat with them, whiles

I rode forward; and when she overtook me, her brow was clear again. "Am a hot headed fool, Jack, and have posted thy day for thee. "Nay, that you have not," said L heartily glad to see her knowle, for the first time in our acquaintance; "but if you have forgiven me that which I could not help, you shall

take this that I bought for you, in proof And, pulling out the mirror, I leaned over and handed it to her

What I the world be this?" she asked, taking and looking at it doubtfully.

ested inside?

"What's that?" 'A glass to see your face in," I explained, "Be this my face?" She rode forward, holding up the glass in front of her. "Why, what a kandsome looking gal I be, to be sure lack art certain 'lie my very own face?'

To be sure," said I, amound There was silence for a fall minute, save for our horses' tread on the high Juck The powerful dieter

ugh. She looked up ademnly at my mirth saving no sense of a joke then or ever) and bent forward to the giam again.
"By the way," said I, "did you mark a carriage just outside the crowd, by the Cheap lack's booth, with a waite haired gentleman

This was true enough, and it made me

Joan nodded. "Master Hannilal Tingnh, steward o' Ginva." I jumped to my saddle, and with amuil at the bridge brought Molly to a standatill

"Or Glever" I creed. "Staward of Big Hight, lad, except the last word. "That shoulds rather say." Then you are wrong, Joan; for he's dead and buried these five months. Where is this

house of Glernt for to nourrow I must ride

Tis easy tound, then; for it standson south coast, yunder, and no house near its to mile from anywhere, and acreem from emple, sine south. Fhall want then after hou thertest, Jack. Dear, new! who'd ha'

The cottage door stood open as we rode came ourling, with a small of peat, Within about as on the day of my first arrival, and his face; only this time the cut was cutled in quietly and lying between the old man's

Drunk again," said Jose shortly. But, looking more narrowly, I marked a outh and formed him softly over.

She stood above us and looked down, first at the recise, therest me, without speaking Then I ricken be may as well be buried.*

Girt," I called out, being stocked at this Dougness, "The your father-and he is Whe that's so lad. As he were alles,

which't trouble thee to bury h And so, before night, its carried blac up to he black est following to to look. Five for sp we laid him, harrieg dug down to mild it and having overed him over, went eatly back to the horel, June had not

CHAPTER XIV.

I DO NO DOOD IN THE MOULE OF GLATE.